

HARRISON, - - - NEBRASKA

Good roads-talk is again in order everywhere.

It's a wise worm that stays under cover and deprives the early bird of his breakfast.

It may be that matches are made only in heaven, because the fire never goes out in the other place.

It's almost as difficult for a medium to predict what is going to happen as it is for a historian to record what has happened.

Brigadier Jenkins of the Salvation Army says that the sawbuck is an unchristian device. We have held that opinion for forty-odd years.

England has a club for women called the Stay at Home Society. It would be perfectly safe to wager that the men approve of this organization.

Somehow the Panama republic's declaration of independence isn't quite so eloquent as the one signed by John Hancock and other eminent gentlemen.

Reports of climatic and social conditions in the arctic regions are always of the most discouraging nature. And yet explorers are invariably anxious to go back.

It appears that the man who was arrested for trying to kill President Diaz of Mexico was only celebrating and had no thought of murder. The incident is now closed.

There is not as much satisfaction in knowing that the millionaire of today is the pauper of tomorrow, as there would be in some assurance of reciprocity in the transformation.

The Russian press broadly intimates that the United States may talk of its rights in China, but can't enforce them. "Can't" is a word which this country has yet to learn when it comes to enforcing rights.

A French writer is advising his country to abandon all projects to conquer the Sahara Desert, which he finds commercially valueless. Why not move the Sahara to America, and irrigate it along with our own deserts?

Miss Frances Pettit, of Galway, N. Y., has been awarded \$3,000 for 1,230 kisses which she says a man of the name of Titmore pressed upon her ruby lips. She must have been a busy girl if she kept count by cutting a notch in her umbrella handle every time Titmore snatched her.

There's a certain brand of joke that your wife does not enjoy. Such for instance as the one worked out with infinite pains by the Yonkers Statesman humorist. This joke was about a man who all his life had been thinking up his "last words," but when he came to die, his wife talked so much that he couldn't get them off and so went into the other world lastwordless. We are thankful we did not spring this. It was unkind.

Cattle-keeping in Hawaii used to be a hazardous business. Pools of unwholesome water abounded; so did the snake, a tiny animal that lives in the grass, and when swallowed by a sheep or cow speedily finds its way to the vital organs and causes death. Four years ago a consignment of frogs from California was taken to one of the islands, whence they and their progeny have been introduced to all the group. The frogs are cleansing the water, exterminating the snake, and fattening in the process.

Nineteen hundred and three will be a notable year for stamp collectors. It has seen a new series of United States postage-stamps and three designs for the two-cent stamp; the design with the profile of Honson's bust of Washington, which had been in use for thirty-two years; the nearly full face of the Stuart portrait of Washington, draped with the flag, which has just been abandoned because the engraving was not satisfactory; and as its successor, a larger head in the Stuart pose, framed by a shield. It is not often that collectors can get three patterns of a stamp of the same denomination issued within twelve months. Yet coin-collectors will recall that three different kinds of five-cent pieces bear the date 1883.

The young men of to-day are too snicky—too much given to self-analysis, too self-pampering. Their shoes and neckties cost more each year than did the entire wardrobe of their grandfathers. They feel a sense of degradation in small beginnings and plodding, and they wait for success ready made to come to them. There is not a young man in the country who would imitate Ben Franklin and march through the streets munching a loaf of bread while looking for employment. He dares not, indeed, because society has become also snicky, and he would be arrested as a tramp. The young man of to-day wants capital. Trusts and combines and corporations distress him. He cannot be president of a bank or judge of a court the first week he is from school, and he fails, like the famous Eli Pansley, and he has "no chance."

"One-half of the world knows not how the other half liveth." The population of India is almost three hundred millions. A careful estimate by Sir Robert Giffen puts the aggregate annual income of all the people at four hundred and sixty-eight million pounds sterling. That would make their average earnings seven dollars and eighty cents a year, or two and one-seventh cents a day. Another authority, a writer who presents reasons for his opinion that Sir Robert's estimate is too high, puts the gross income of the people of India at two hundred and ninety million pounds sterling, which works out at one cent and one-third a day. It should be borne in mind that the population of India is agricultural, that the people live for the most part on the produce of their soil, and that their need of clothing and fuel is small. Visitors to the country do not find that they are in abject poverty.

The "boy problem" is much older than any other problem. It therefore follows, naturally, that we have a vast literature on the subject of its solution. Since the days of "Tom Brown at Rugby" that literature has multiplied with great rapidity. As the are very few persons of ordinary intelligence who are innocent of ideas regarding the "bringing up" of a boy, the average parent need not suffer for lack of counsel on this subject. The boy is the crux of the educational problem. He is the interesting and delightful uncertain quantity in the home life. Just how the girls will "turn out" does not appear to concern the parents or the educators. Everybody knows they will develop into a womanhood that will reflect credit upon the family name. But how about the boy? What are you going to do with this bundle of lively and interested potentialities? Before the Church Union of Liberal Sunday Schools a Hull House Mrs. Milton Lamoreaux in discussing the "boy problem," said: "Between the ages of 16 and 18 occurs the crisis of the feelings in a boy's existence. His life shuts up. It loses its old frankness and becomes secretive. Happy the father or mother or teacher who, when the boy's life shuts up, is shut up inside." Here we have the pathos of the boy problem, as well as the parental obligation, pictured in a few words. Pedagogical treatises, based upon theories or upon experience, may be more illuminating than this, but they can add very little to the impressiveness of the truth that when a boy "shuts up" the parents should be shut up with him. All of which is one way of saying that "the heart of a boy" is the important thing to reach after all. In the education and training of boys personality is the thing that counts. The purpose of training a boy is to save him from himself and to fit him for useful citizenship. The father who foolishly permits a teacher or some one else to reach the heart of his boy, while he himself remains outside the boy's life, is committing a peevish blunder. Greek verbs and algebra cannot make a good man or a useful citizen out of a boy. There must be direct and confidential contact with personalities that exemplify all the sturdy virtues that are needed in the boy's life.

NO BIG RUSH FOR THE LAND. Settlers Are Not Seeking Homes Among Skulls in the Desert. If the interior department officials expected a great rush for the 1,000,000 acres of land in the Mojave and Colorado deserts thrown open to settlement in June last, they have been sorely disappointed. This land should be let alone, and for good reasons. There is a good deal of talk about "making the desert blossom as the rose." Some deserts blossom, but not this one. Nobody will ever do more for this desert than Mother Nature has done. The only blooming that nature has brought about there is that its freckled bosom blossoms with large alkali pustules, or pimples, punctuated with sage-brush and cactus. This sums up the flora of the new promised land. The fauna includes jack rabbits, horned toads, lizards, Gila monsters and venomous snakes. The soil is coarse gravel, and on top of the coarse gravel there is a fine alkali powder which, when the wind blows—and the wind blows often—sweeps over the scorching and barren land like the dreaded sandstorms of the Sahara, which, by the way, they much resemble. Even far to the southwest, across the lofty mountain ranges, these desert sandstorms sometimes sweep, reaching the favored dwellers in southern California in the midst of their orange groves. Even this distant touch of the desert winds causes trees to wither, grass to scorch and men and animals to suffer severely. Over this dreadful desert the sun moves like a ball of fire across the sky of brass, and pouring nothing but profanity, of its pitiless rays.

Those credulous persons who may believe that this is the kind of desert which, by irrigation, may be turned into a garden are doomed to disappointment. There is no water on this desert strip. The waters of the Colorado may be led to the lands of the Yuma desert, but that is far lower in level than are these. Much of this Mojave strip is at an elevation of 2,000 or 3,000 feet, ending in igneous rock and producing nothing but profanity. The last hope for the settler on this barren land would be the discovery of the precious metals. They may exist there. We do not say they cannot be found. But we know that the land has been prospected by experienced miners for half a century. If a tenderfoot can find a gold mine where an old Californian miner fails, he is a smart tenderfoot. But we doubt his success.

We warn all eastern people not to be deluded by false, even if well-meant, representations concerning this strip of land between Mojave and the Colorado river. It is strewn with the skeletons of prospectors, the bones of animals. It is a place of skulls.

Mr. Dolan's Carriage. Mr. Dolan, through the agency of butter and eggs, had reached that stage of prosperity where he was able to set up an establishment with a horse and carriage, and nobody he grudged him his success. "But what's the reason your wife drives around in a carriage with the letter C on it?" inquired one of Mr. Dolan's friends. "You've not changed your name, Terry?" "Naw, man," said Mr. Dolan, gayly, "me name has stood me fifty years, an' it'll last out me time. But the carriage was a great bargain, at six hundred and a bit, and the C was on it 'twud cost a man to change it to a D, and I says to Mary Ann, D is a kind of a broad-lining letter, whole C is more delicate and ornamental," I says, "And beside that, it's the very next to D in the alphabet, and more than all, I says, it stands for 'confined,' and that's what I'dolans that rides in the carriage will be—so let it stand, and Mary Ann agreed wid me."

A Polite Prisoner. The lady who was visiting the jail had been much impressed with the appearance and behavior of the prisoners, and she took occasion to express her approval to the warden. "They seem as courteous as anybody," she said, enthusiastically, "even if they don't say anything." "Yes, they're polite enough," assented the jailer. "But I'm a little suspicious of too fine manners." "I don't see how you can be!" exclaimed the lady. "Well, I am," declared the warden, "and I have been ever since one of the smoothest of them broke out of jail and left a note for me in which he wrote, 'I hope you will pardon me for the liberty I'm taking!'"

Mark of Appreciation. The widow was taking her first look at the bust of her beloved husband. The clay was still damp. "Pray examine it well, madam," said the sculptor. "If there is anything wrong I can alter it." The widow looked at it with a mixture of sorrow and satisfaction. "It is just like him," she said; "a perfect portrait—his large nose—the sign of goodness." Here she burst into tears. "He was so good! Make the nose a little larger!"—Tit-Bits.

Believed in Skilled Labor. The organist's wife told me this morning," said Mrs. Thornton, "that several of the pipes on the organ were out of order." "Well," replied Mrs. Hadley, "I hope they'll get Mr. Jones, our old plumber to fix them, and not those new plumbers that have just set up on the corner."

Cotton in Rhodesia. It has been found, through extended experiments, that Rhodesia can produce first-class cotton, which will command the highest price in Liverpool.

A man seldom knows when he is well off until he is away off.

DOINGS OF WOMEN

What Woman Owes to Man. Mrs. Craigie, known to the literary world as John Oliver Hobbes, may make herself disliked by the advanced women if she is not careful about her public utterances. At a recent dinner given by the Lord Mayor of London to the Society of Journalists she replied to the toast of "The Ladies." In the course of her reply she said many charming things about the accomplishments and the achievements of woman, and then dulled the edge of her praise by declaring that woman owes all she knows of the arts, and nearly everything else, outside of domesticity, to men, citing Angelica Kaufmann, George Sand, George Eliot, Charlotte Bronte and others as examples. She even went so far as to assert that women would not go into the intellectual professions and public life but for the support and praise of men.

Co-operative Housekeeping. The women of Ontario, Cal., have for some time past been conducting an experiment in co-operative housekeeping and have met with such success that they have formed a co-operative family club.

Concerning Women. Miss Maggie J. Wals, of Calumet, Mich., is the only Finnish newspaper publisher in America. She is sole owner, editor and publisher of the Naisten Lehti, or the Ladies' Journal. The magazine is the official organ of the Finnish ladies' societies of America, and is read by the Finnish women throughout the world.

Nearly Crowned Their Teacher. They said Miss Erline Sinclair was a brave girl when, at the age of 18, she accepted the position of teacher in the "Unlucky Thirteen School" in Cass township, Sullivan County, Ind., for it is one of the toughest in the county. She got along very well, however, until the question arose as to what Christmas treat she proposed to provide for the pupils. It has been the custom for the teachers to provide such a treat. Miss Sinclair promised to observe the custom, but declined to explain what the treat was to be. When she refused to satisfy the curiosity of the pupils the larger girls, ranging from 14 to 16 years of age, overpowered her, tied her feet to a trough and carried her to a pond in a neighboring field. There the boys cut a hole in the ice and the girls put the teacher in the hole. The water came only to her waist and the plucky teacher refused to yield. Then they carried her farther out on the ice, cut another hole and again plunged her into the ice-cold water. This time the water came to her neck. There they left her. The trough tied to her feet prevented her getting out, but finally when she had almost perished her screams brought aid. She afterward suffered greatly from pneumonia and shock.

A Lovable Old Woman. You sometimes see a woman whose old age is as exquisite as was the perfect bloom of her youth. You wonder how it is her life has been a long and happy one. Here are some of the reasons: She kept her nerves well in hand and inflicted them on no one. She mastered the art of saying pleasant things. She did not expect too much from her friends. She made whatever work came to her congenial. She retained her illusions and did not believe all the world wicked and unkind. She relieved the miserable and sympathized with the sorrowful. She never forgot that kind words and a smile cost nothing, but are priceless treasures to the discouraged. She did unto others as she would be done by, and now that old age has come to her and there is a halo of white hair about her head, she is loved and considered. This is the secret of a long life and a happy one.—Richmond Palladium.

Some Facts About Widows. The State of New York has 326,000 widows and the city 105,000. There were by the last federal census 2,720,000 widows in the whole United States, of whom, it is worthy to remark, 88,000 were in Indiana and only 8,000 in Utah. There were 128,000 in Massachusetts, less than the total number in the two States of Alabama and Mississippi, though the view pretty generally prevails that the number of widows is disproportionately large throughout New England.

There are nearly 2,000 in Hawaii and 1,700 in Alaska, a proportionately larger number than in the city of Chicago.



Did you ever stop to think what a great difference a word or two at the breakfast table makes, whether it is a snarl or whether it is word of compliment for the nice breakfast prepared, and if there is not a successful effort at the meal getting, how much more then is the kind word needed. Let the days begin with sunshine in the soul, and let a good part of it out to reflect upon those about you. These are days that leave their marks on one's character.—Exchange

Each family has its own table in the co-operative house, with individual equipment of linen, silver and glassware. Every month the expenses are carefully audited by the club's committee and the amount assessed pro rata among the club members, children proportionately according to their ages.

Eleven cents per meal per person is the average cost, the best of food being provided. The women of the club take turns in making out the menu, and in this way the tastes of each family are considered.

The undertaking is very similar to that of Longwood, near Chicago, and others that have been tried in other places.

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The American woman in Berlin pays about \$1.50 a month for a street car ticket. This bears her photograph and must be shown on demand. The bearer can board a car as often as she pleases and at any point in the city where the cars pass. The ticket is good for the month. If she does not take \$1.50 worth of rides it is her own lookout, and if she takes more it is all on to the railroad company.

There is a fruit grower in Southern California, a Mrs. H. W. R. Stroh, who owns 150 acres of walnut trees, besides growing many other kinds of fruit and nuts as well. She recently read a paper before the State Board of Trade on the value of pampas grass as a crop, and also on the cultivation of the pomegranate in Southern California, which showed a comprehensive grasp of the details of the work. She herself makes a considerable amount of money from these crops yearly.

A Queer What a Splendid Effect on the Brain Spanking on an Entirely Different Place Has.

KNOWS NOW. Doctor Was Fooled by His Own Case for a Time. It's easy to understand how ordinary people get fooled by coffee when doctors themselves sometimes forget the facts. A physician speaks of his own experience: "I had used coffee for years and really did not exactly believe it was injuring me, although I had palpitation of the heart every day. "Finally one day a severe and almost fatal attack of heart trouble frightened me and I gave up both tea and coffee, using Postum instead, and since that time I have had absolutely no heart palpitation except on one or two occasions when I tried a small quantity of coffee which caused severe irritation and proved to me I must let it alone. "When we began using Postum it seemed weak—that was because we did not make it according to directions—but now we put a little bit of butter in the pot when boiling and allow the Postum to boil full 15 minutes, which gives it the proper rich flavor and the deep brown color. "I have advised a great many of my friends and patients to have of coffee and drink Postum, in fact, I daily give this advice." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Many thousands of physicians see Postum in place of tea and coffee in their own homes and prescribe it to patients. "There's a reason." A remarkable little book, "The Road to Wellville," can be found in each pag.

Compacted by Roscoe. Mrs. P. Brunzel, wife of P. Brunzel, stock dealer, residence 3111 Grand Ave., Everett, Wash., says: "For fifteen years I suffered with terrible pain in my back. I did not know what it was to enjoy a night's rest and I arose in the morning feeling tired and unrefreshed. My suffering sometimes was simply indescribable. When I finished the first box of Doan's Kidney Pills I felt like a different woman. I continued until I had taken five boxes. Doan's Kidney Pills act very effectively, very promptly, relieve the aching pains and all other annoying difficulties." Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.

FORESTALLING HIM. "Now, Mr. Beefy," cooed the handsome widow who was doing her own marketing, "while I am fully conscious of the honor you wish to confer on me, I must tell you that I have no present intention of marrying again, and am therefore, compelled to refuse the offer of your hand." "Bub-bub—ut, num," stammered the astonished butcher, "I have never offered you my hand, and—ah—"

"Then why are you trying to weigh it on the scales with the meat, sir?"

Edward of Obituaries for Catarrh that Contains Mercury. As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system, when entering it through the mucous surfaces, such articles should never be used except on prescription from regular physicians, as the damage it does is kindred to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and not in. Sold by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co., 100 Broadway, New York. Sold by druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

RETURNED HIS MONEY. From Town Topics. Here is a story going the rounds. It is very irrelevant, rather irrelevant, quite shocking, very naughty, but it illustrates well the public ridicule created by the "savings" rich. The story goes that a fabulously rich man, who was quoted for his economies, died. He appeared at the gates of heaven. He was met by St. Peter, Gabriel, as recorder of deeds, sat next by St. Peter said: "What have you done that you think you should come to heaven?" "Well," said the applicant timidly, "I met a crippled child and gave him 2 cents."

"Um-m," replied St. Peter, "that was something. Is that right, Gabriel?" "Yes-s-s," grudgingly answered Gabriel. "That is not enough—anything else?" asked St. Peter. "Yes, I met a lewshoy. He was crying because he was stuck with his evening papers, I bought a paper."

"Um-m," said St. Peter, "that was good—is that all right, Gabriel?" Gabriel referred to his books and answered in the affirmative. St. Peter thought an instant, then walked over to Gabriel. Then consulted his records with a bang, and said, impatiently: "Oh, give him back his 2 cents and tell him to go to hell!"

The average marriage age for men does not differ materially in those countries where they keep accurate marriage records. It is highest, thirty-one years in Sweden, and lowest in the United States, twenty-six and one half years. Among women it is also highest in Sweden, twenty-eight years, and lowest in Russia twenty-two years.

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